

THE FIVE CENT

WIDE AWAKE LIBRARY

Entered at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., as Second Class Matter.

No. 1317. { COMPLETE }

FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 29 WEST 26th ST., N. Y.
NEW YORK, April 30, 1897.

{ PRICE }
5 CENTS.

Vol. II.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1897, by FRANK TOUSEY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

MATT MERRY; or, THE LIFE OF THE SCHOOL. BY CAPT. WILL DAYTON.



"I'll have the law on ye, ye young scoundrels!" roared Jerry, making a rush at Matt, who cleverly tripped him up, and caused him to fall heavily against the counter. "Don't talk about law! You'll get all of that you want and more too, before we get through with you."

The Subscription Price of the FIVE CENT WIDE AWAKE LIBRARY by the year is \$2.50: \$1.25 per six months, post-paid. Address FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

MATT MERRY;

OR,

THE LIFE OF THE SCHOOL.

By CAPTAIN WILL DAYTON,

Author of "Shady Dell School," "Sam Sharpe at School," "Fred Ford," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

A QUARREL AND A FIGHT.

"THERE is no use talking, Mr. Frank Stoddard, and you might as well stop. I have heard all that I'm going to."

"But I say, Wolf, old boy, just listen a moment, and you'll see——"

"My name is Ulmer, if you please; and only my friends call me Wolfert. You are not one, and the less you say to me the better I shall like it."

At this, Wolf, as he was generally called, turned upon his heel as if to end the conversation then and there.

The other boy, Frank Stoddard, between whom and the first there had been a boyish quarrel, caught his former friend by the arm, and cried quickly:

"Wolf, old chum, don't go off like that; just listen to me for a minute, and——"

With a quick expression of anger Wolf shook himself free, and struck the other a slight blow on the cheek.

At the same moment a third boy came hurrying up—the scene was the playground of Rockville School, on the south coast of Long Island, many miles from New York—and said excitedly:

"I say, now, what are you two fellows squabbling about? If any two boys in the whole world ought to be friends, it's you two."

"If you feel like taking his part," cried Wolf, "I've no desire to stop you, but you needn't bother me with the recital."

Then with a hot flush on his cheeks, Wolf thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and hurried away before the newcomer could stop him.

"What's the row, Frank?" the latter asked, as Wolf disappeared through the great door of the main school building.

"Oh, we've had a row, Matt, and Ulmer wouldn't listen to reason, and he struck me, and now—well, I won't have anything more to do with him—good or bad—that's all."

"But what was it all about?" asked Matt, taking Frank's hand.

"You'll have to ask Ulmer, for I'm not going to talk about it."

"You always used to call him Wolf, Frank."

"Well, he's on his high horse now, and won't be called by anything but his last name. It don't matter to me, anyhow, for I don't intend to call him anything, or speak to him at all."

"Come—come, Frank, let me get at the bottom of this matter. You and Wolf mustn't fight and quarrel. That won't do, you know."

"Didn't you see him strike me?" retorted Frank, angrily. "If any one else had done that I'd pay him back in a way he'd remember. At any rate, it's all up between us, and he can go his way and I'll go mine."

"You mustn't quarrel with——"

"I don't intend to quarrel with him, so spare your breath. I shall not speak to, or notice him as long as I stay in this school."

"And you won't tell me——"

"No! Go and ask him if you want to find out anything about it."

With this Frank strode away, swinging his arms, and the peace-maker was left alone.

Matthew Merry, called Merry Matt by his school-fellows, was a boy of seventeen, jolly and rollicking, careless and happy, full of his jokes and tricks, and a universal favorite with every one.

His proper name had been easily transformed by the boys of Rockville School, and thus Matt Merry became Merry Matt, a most appropriate appellation for one who was the very life of the school, the originator of all frolics and rackets, the leading spirit in all the pranks and practical jokes that were played, and, besides all that, the smartest scholar in the lot, and at the top of all his classes.

Though fond of fun, he was not neglectful of his school duties, and the most studious boys in the whole school could not get ahead of him.

He was always up to some piece of good-natured mischief, but, being such a splendid scholar, was often able to

escape the penalty of his fault, when a duller boy would have received the full punishment.

Everybody, principal, tutors, scholars, and house-servants liked him, for he was the life of the place, and though continually up to some of his larks, generally managed to get out of being punished, either by his adroitness or on account of this universal liking for him.

Rockville School was situated on one of the wildest and most picturesque parts of the coast, and its healthfulness was unquestioned, its site affording many opportunities for invigorating exercises, and not many chances for temptation, being isolated from any town or city, the means of communication with which were few and not always to be had.

The school term had been running several weeks, it being now the middle of November, and the boys were all acquainted with one another, and had formed the many friendships which are usually found in schools or elsewhere that boys themselves are found.

Frank Stoddard and Wolf Ulmer were not new to the school, having been there the previous year, which fact made Matt, himself a pupil of two or three years' standing in the school, wonder that there should be any quarrel between them.

"I'll bet that that Rodney Wardell is at the bottom of it," he muttered, as he was left alone. "He hates Frank, and has been for a long time trying to get Wolf to break with him, as I have seen. I must straighten this thing out."

Rodney Wardell was a rather fast, inclined to be vicious, boy, who had only lately come into the school; and although he seemed to have made a good many friends among the boys, they were not the best by any means, and his influence seemed to be rather questionable than otherwise.

It was rumored that he smoked, drank, played cards for stakes, and indulged in other practices which the rules of the school very properly condemned, but so far he had not been detected by any one in authority, and of course rumors went for nothing until one was actually discovered infringing the rules.

At all events the lawless spirit which was ripe in this school as in all others, seemed to have received a new impetus since the coming of Rodney Wardell, and trouble was brewing for all hands.

Enough of this for the present, and let us proceed at once to the development of our story, and see how Merry Matt progressed in his good intentions of making peace between the two former friends.

He had scarcely arrived at the conclusion that Wardell had something to do with the quarrel, when, turning towards the school, he saw this very person rapidly approaching.

"What did somebody say about seeing the devil's hoofs when you happen to talk about him?" muttered Matt to himself.

"Hello, Wardell," he sang out, as the boy was about to pass him, "I want to speak to you."

"Well, what is it?" growled the other, for, naturally enough, he and Matt were not the best of friends, being the leaders of two such opposite factions.

"What have you been saying to Wolf Ulmer to turn him against Frank? Some more of your lies, I'll be bound."

An angry flush arose to the other's cheek as he retorted:

"If you say I tell lies you are a liar yourself, and I'm not afraid to say so, Mr. Merry. I'll trouble you to mind your own business."

"Who was it that had little French nearly expelled from the school by a lie? Who was it who swore positively that he never drank or smoked, and yet was found dead drunk by one of his chums in the streets of the village late one Saturday night. Don't talk of not telling lies to me, you miserable sneak. Now you've forced me to it, I'll tell you, plump and square, that you are a liar from the start, and distance the whole field!"

Wardell grew fairly crimson, and aimed a blow at Matt, which the latter neatly parried.

"Do you want to fight?" growled the bully, for such he was.

"No, but if you put up your hands to me, you will get into trouble, that's all."

Upon this, Wardell attacked the other furiously, but Matt was a match for him, and sailed gallantly in, going to work in regular hammer and tongs style, quickly drawing the claret and putting one eye of his adversary in mourning.

While the fight was in progress, it being a half holiday at the school, several of the boys approached and looked on with the liveliest interest, until the cry was raised that one of the tutors was coming, when Wardell suddenly decamped, together with some of the more timorous ones, leaving our hero and his chums masters of the field.

CHAPTER II.

MATTERS SOMEWHAT EXPLAINED.

"WHAT was it all about, Matt?" asked Tom Smith, one of Matt's particular cronies, as the two walked slowly away.

"Do you know anything about the fuss between Frank and Wolf?"

"Wolf accuses Frank of having said that he was in the habit of going down to Jerry's, the drinking-place under the cliff, and of getting tight regularly every Saturday."

"Who does, Frank or Wolf?"

"Wolf, or at least he says Frank said so, but Frank denies it."

"Is that all they are squabbling over?"

"No, there is more of it. Frank says he has seen Wolf go down to Jerry's, but denies that he said he went there to drink. He says that what he says, was, that Rod Wardell went there for that purpose, and that if Wolf was not careful, he would be reckoned in the same category."

"So he will, but *does* he go there?"

"Frank says he has seen him going into the man's house more than once, and to-day he warned Wolf against it. The fight began in the hall, and I heard a part of it, but when they saw me, they lit out."

"How did it commence?"

"Frank asked Wolf, quietly, what made him go to such a disreputable place as Jerry's, and Wolf got red in an instant and said it was none of his business."

"But they are old friends, and it was Frank's business. Besides, Wolf has no father and is more likely to fall into temptation."

"That's what Frank said, very quietly, mind you, for

he was perfectly cool, and he once more warned Wolf not to go there, never accusing him, though, of drinking or anything of that sort."

"Well, what brought about the quarrel, if Frank was cool?"

"Wolf declared that Frank had been spreading scandalous stories about him, classing him with such fellows as Wardell and Hammerton, Jones, Hodges, Brown, and that crowd; with saying that he drank, and that if he didn't look out it would get to the principal."

"I don't believe Frank ever said anything of the sort."

"He said he didn't, but then Wolf saw me and dusted, Frank after him, trying to get in a word of explanation."

"They were at it when I came out, and Wolf struck Frank, and there might have been a fight if I hadn't come up. I told Wardell that it was some of his doings, and then we fell to blows, or rather I did, for he didn't have a chance to get a single one in."

"Did they make it up?"

"No; they both went off as mad as hatters. Are you sure Frank told you he had seen Wolf go into Jerry's?"

"Yes, but I know he didn't tell any one else, for he'd be the last one to get Wolf into trouble. I am surprised that he should go to such a place, for Jerry is a regular water-thief, it is said, besides selling liquor without a license, and the boys are positively forbidden going there."

"But Frank wouldn't say he saw Wolf go there, if he hadn't, nor would he tell it about generally."

"I don't believe he has told it to a living soul but me, and I wouldn't have said anything now but for this fight, and of course you will keep dark."

"We must get the boys to make up again, for I know there is some misunderstanding in the matter."

The two boys had by this time left the school-grounds and were walking along the coast near where a line of cliffs began.

Having nothing else to do they now struck along the beach at the base of the cliffs, it being low water, amusing themselves by skimming flat pebbles over the dancing waves, or watching the gulls whirling in giddy flight, far above in the heavens.

"This would be a bad place to get caught by the tide, wouldn't it?" remarked Matt, pointing to the stretches of sand and the cliffs behind them, up which an ascent was impossible.

"The tide is too low now, and we have lots of time, though when the water does come in it comes with a rush."

"Too much of a rush for anybody caught down here, but as you say, there's no danger now, for it has only just turned, and we are two thirds of the way to the point."

The boys continued their walk, meaning to return along the top of the cliffs, and presently came in sight of the dilapidated cottage where Jerry lived.

A boat was hauled up the beach and made fast to a stake in the sand, a pile of driftwood lay near it, and not far away was an old clothes-line where a few flannel shirts were drying, but no other sign of life was to be seen.

"Guess the old pirate is off on a cruise," muttered Tom. "I don't see his schooner anywhere, though there's his boat."

Matt suddenly pulled his companion down behind a rock,

and pointed towards the end of the path leading down to the rough shanty of the disreputable Jerry.

A figure had suddenly appeared, making its way toward the house, and this was what had caught Matt's eye.

It hurried down the path, across a narrow stretch of level sand, and then entered the house, being visible perhaps half a minute, but this was quite long enough for both boys to make it out.

It was Wolf, as both could swear, the distance being so small that there could be no mistaking the identity of Jerry's visitor.

"By, jove, there he is now," whispered Tom. "What do you think of Frank's statement now?"

"I am going to take him away from there. He is angry now, and in that state would yield more readily to temptation. Come, Tom, we must not let him stay there, for we do not know what evil companions he may meet."

Both boys arose to their feet and hurried forward, but as they gained the front door of the house saw three boys leave the rear and hasten up the path.

They were Wolf and Rodney Wardell and one of his satellites, and as they departed Matt could hear some one within call out:

"Come again soon, young gentlemen. You're welcome to all I've got to give ye, for ye pays a good price for it."

"What's that in Wardell's hand?" asked Tom, quickly.

"A bottle, and Wolf has just passed it to him."

"Then we're too late, I'm afraid, and that ruffian has been getting in his fine work already. I would never have believed Wolf so foolish."

At that instant Jerry himself appeared at the front door as the three young men were lost to sight.

"Good mornin', lads; there's been more of your set just here. Ye should have made one party of it. The others is all regular customers of mine, particularly Master Wolf, who comes every day as precise as the clock. Hope to see you too. I'm keepin' my part of it dark, you know, so long as you keep *your* mouths shet. What'll ye have to take this fine morning?"

"Nothing, except our leaves, for we don't care to be seen talking with you quite so familiarly. The less regular customers you have from our school the better."

"H'm! that's your tune, is it, Mr. Merry Matt! I know you, as I know the lot of you. Keep a quiet tongue in your noddle, my lad, for if you give away what I've let slip to-day, you may get a chum of yours in trouble, perhaps expelled."

"You mean Wolf, I know that well enough," retorted Matt quickly, "and I mean to tell him to avoid this place as he would shun the plague, and——"

"He's too good a customer for that, and besides he hasn't paid his whisky bill yet, and daren't stop till he does."

"Come away," cried Matt, dragging Tom up the hill. "I've heard enough to make me fear that the worst is to be apprehended."

Then turning upon Jerry, who stood leering at him, he said, fiercely:

"As for you, you old pirate, I'll make a complaint against you if you sell my friend another drop, no matter what the consequences may be."

CHAPTER III.

MATT'S LITTLE RACKET.

"DON'T stir him up, Matt," said Tom, as the two boys hurried away, the irate Jerry having grabbed up an ax and started towards them.

"He's a regular nuisance, and has sent more young fellows to perdition, through the infernal stuff he sells, than you can count. He ought to be fired out of the place."

"But Wolf is the last one whom I should suspect of being led astray, and particularly by Rodney Wardell and his hangers-on."

"I'll put a flea in Wolf's ear about him. He got a grudge against little Jack French, and had a decoy note sent to him so that he might be seen going into Jerry's. Then one of his cronies swore that he saw Jack drunk there. The lie was his, though, for he conceived the whole affair, and but for an examination which a physician made, proving that Jack could not have had any alcohol in his stomach for days, he would have been expelled."

"But how did Wardell get out of it himself?"

"He covered up his tracks, and nothing was proven against him, but I heard his cronies talking it over afterwards. I said nothing, because young French had been let off, but if he hadn't been, I'd 've split on Rodney as sure as fate."

"Didn't he swear that he never drank or smoked?"

"Yes; and Leslie Hammerton, his biggest chum, brought him home one night so drunk that he couldn't stand. Pretty sort of a fellow he is for Wolf to be seen with."

By this time they had reached the top of the cliff, and seeing two or three boys ahead of them, and another group to the left, they separated so as to be sure that one of them should meet Wolf.

Matt found him, quite unexpectedly, walking alone, the other having disappeared, and he said at once:

"I was sorry to see you walking with Wardell just now, Wolf."

"So you've been spying on me, have you?" was the angry retort. "I'll let you know it's none of your affairs whom I walk with."

"If I was you, I wouldn't go to Jerry's. You know it's forbidden."

"You'll tell, I suppose? You and Frank are of a piece—a couple of regular sneaks. If I choose to go to the infernal regions, you sha'n't stop me, let me tell you that, Matt Merry."

"You'll find the entrance to that torrid locality right in Jerry's saloon, if you propose making such a voyage," remarked Matt, dryly.

"Come, come, can't you be friends with a fellow?" he added, coaxingly, taking Wolf's arm and looking earnestly into his face.

"No. You're all a lot of muffs, and I don't want anything to do with you. You've been making a fuss over just nothing at all, and I'm disgusted."

"Is it nothing to break the——"

"Oh, go preach to some one else; you make me tired. I mind my own business, and I'd advise you to mind yours. Go talk to Stoddard; he's in the preachy line, and will tell you all the lies you want to listen to."

"Stop that!" cried Matt, reddening. "You may abuse

me as much as you please, but Frank has been your warmest friend, and always will be. Some day you will wake up, and then you'll be sorry for all that you've said——"

Wolf shook off Matt's hand and retorted, angrily:

"Of course, you will stick up for him. Go ahead, tell the doctor you saw me at Jerry's; tell all you can think of, but if you think you can have me expelled, you'll find yourself to be the big fool that every one thinks you to be."

More in pain than in anger Matt turned away and took the road leading towards the school, having no care now for pleasure of any sort, but feeling thoroughly saddened and sick at heart.

That afternoon Frank met Wolf on the play-ground, but received a direct cut when he attempted to speak, and so passed on, and the next time he met Wolf took no more notice of him than if he had not been there.

Many of Wolf's former friends, seeing his treatment of Frank and Matt, cut him in return, and he was left without any companions except Wardell and his crowd, who began to make a great deal of him so as to annoy the others.

"I've got a scheme in my head," said Matt to Frank and Tom that evening—our hero having made up with Frank—as they were retiring, "and to-morrow will carry it out."

"Wolf has given up his bed in this dormitory," remarked Tom, "and has gone into Number Six. There are only two or three little fellows there now, but I'll bet that by to-morrow night Wardell, Hammerton, Jones and all that crowd will move in and fire them out."

"Nice company for Wolf," muttered Frank. "I'm sorry I broke with him, but what was a fellow to do when he cut me so dead?"

"Go to bed!" said Matt, laconically, and a few minutes later the lights went out and the boys were all fast asleep.

Some time afterwards—two hours at least—Frank was awakened by a rough shaking, and heard Matt whisper to him:

"Get up; there's a racket going on and we must take part in it."

"What's the matter? Is that Tom standing at the foot of the bed?"

"Yes. Get up, and be quick about it."

Frank thereupon arose, and while he was hurriedly dressing, Matt said:

"Wardell, Hammerton, Jones and that crowd are on a little racket to-night, and I've got one of my own to play on them."

"What is it?"

"They've laid in a lot of stuff—liquors, cigars, and all that—and are going to have a spree in the dormitory."

"How did you find it out?"

"I was awakened by hearing some of them going past the door. They dropped one of the bottles, and it broke. I went out quietly after they had skipped, and followed Jones into his room—or rather, I stood outside and heard him talking it over with some of his cronies. What do you think?"

"Well?"

"They are going to try to get Wolf to join them."

"He won't."

"No; but they'll try mighty hard, and I'm going to screw him in, so that they can't get at him, nor he get out."

"That's a good dodge."

"And then we three must break up the party. There'll be more breaking up to-morrow as well," he added, mysteriously.

The boys were all dressed now, and Matt procured a large screw-driver and several screws, after which they all proceeded cautiously to the door of the room where Wolf slept.

There was a dim light in the hall, and by this they went noiselessly to work, soon putting in half a dozen big screws, so that the door could not be opened from the inside.

When they had completed their work Matt suddenly whispered, slipping the screw-driver into his pocket:

"Dust! I hear the revelers coming. We've got to attend to their cases next."

Then all three hurried away, and presently Hammerton stole noiselessly along the passage, and stopped in front of the door.

He rapped softly two or three times, and at last Wolf answered him, wanting to know what the matter was.

"We've fixed that all right," muttered Matt from his place of concealment at the end of the hall, "and now to work our other racket!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE INTERRUPTED FEAST.

THE occupants of the dormitory where Wardell slept, together with a few invited guests, were curiously employed at this time.

They had put several wash-stands together, and on this improvised table were arranged a varied assortment of bottles, flasks, jugs, glasses, and other drinking utensils, together with one or two boxes of cigars, a box of pipes, and a jar of tobacco.

Besides these stimulants, there were other things more solid, such as a large baked meat pie, two or three bowls of pickles, a plum-cake, and a plate full of sandwiches.

The feast had been provided by Wardell and Hammerton, and they intended to have Wolf with them, so as to further estrange him from his former friends.

Wolf was angry with his chums, and by adroit flattery and bantering they hoped to get him to join them, and they might have succeeded but for Matt's better dodge.

Everything was prepared, and all were eager to begin the feast, but Wardell restrained them.

"Wait till Les comes back," he said; "he's gone for Ulmer, who is to preside; and when he returns we'll make a night of it."

"You want to keep quiet," cautioned Jones, who was not noted for his bravery, and was more or less of a sneak, "or the pros will tumble to our game."

"Oh, give us a rest!" cried Wardell, "you're always croaking!"

"Never mind; you'd croak if some one was to give you away or tell Jerry to go back on you."

"Shut up!" cried Wardell, picking up a bottle, and preparing to throw it at the sneak.

There might have been a row, but for the entrance at that moment of Hammerton, who said, breathlessly:

"I say, Rod, it's a blamed shame; Wolf can't come."

"He hasn't backed out, has he?"

"No; but some mean sneak has put up a job on him and fastened him in the room, and he can't get out."

"Hasn't he a key?"

"Yes, but that is not the trouble."

"What then?"

"They've screwed him in. I called him and he finally said he'd come, but when he tried to open the door it stuck."

"Maybe he was only fooling."

"No, for I got a light after a long while, and saw just what the matter was."

"Well, it's a shame, and if I knew who the fellows were that did it, I'd punch their heads."

"I'll bet it was Matt Merry. He's mean enough to go back on an old chum that way."

"And they call him the life of the school. The old man ought to fire him out."

"Well, let's tuck into the supplies, or the night will be gone and no fun."

They all set to, therefore, and were enjoying the refreshments, both solid and liquid, Wardell and Hammerton both puffing away at big cigars, when there came a sudden loud knock at the door.

"Cheese it!" cried Jones, dodging under a bed out of sight.

"The teachers!" whispered some.

"Douse the glims!" cried others.

"Get these things out of the way," muttered Wardell.

Thump!

Thump!

Two more heavy knocks sounded, the young scamps hurrying the remains of the feast out of sight, and some one opening a window to allow the smoke to escape.

Suddenly there came another knock, and then the door flew open, revealing half a dozen strange figures standing in the entrance.

They were dressed in white, and had huge heads with great rolling eyes, hooked noses, wide mouths, and elephantine ears.

"Ghosts!" yelled some of the timid ones, jumping into bed.

The figures, armed with brooms and rattans came bounding suddenly into the room, and while some swept off the bottles and glasses upon the floor, the others began a brisk tattoo on the backs of the feasters with their canes.

In vain Wardell and Hammerton tried to rally their forces. Those who were not afraid were not sober enough, and the two leaders themselves could scarcely stand.

The *melee* caused such a noise that the professors were aroused, and the voice of the principal could be heard telling somebody to go and see what the matter was.

Then the chief masker suddenly revealed himself, and said, being none other than Matt:

"We've busted up your feast, Mr. Wardell, and nice heads you'll all have in the morning. You didn't get Wolf, did you?"

"Confound you, what business was it of yours?"

"If you'd just been going to have a harmless spread I wouldn't have squealed or made any fuss; but this smoking and drinking has got to be stopped."

"You're doing your best to bring disgrace on the school," added Tom Smith, "and we just meant to show you which crowd was going to rule, you law-breakers or the respectable fellows."

"I guess you've found out," cried Jack French. "This pays you for the dirty trick you played on me, Rod Wardell."

"Cheese it, boys!" cried Matt, and he and his chums got away just in time to escape being caught by the professors.

Wardell and his gang were not so fortunate, and though they protested that they were only having a little harmless fun and had been attacked by Merry and some of his companions, the excuse would not pass.

The fumes of liquor and the smell of tobacco were still apparent, and the professors gave them a severe reprimand and promised that the case should be looked into.

Matt released Wolf in the morning, stopping the screw-holes with putty, which greatly puzzled the boy when he came out, Matt having been at work while he was still asleep.

Hammerton, Wardell and the rest were ordered to remain in-doors all that day, it being a Saturday, but Matt and his chums were allowed to go out in the afternoon only.

"That'll do," muttered our hero. "We'll have plenty of time for our job this afternoon, boys. I'll tell you about it later."

CHAPTER V.

THE TROUBLE AT JERRY'S—MORE EXPLANATIONS.

"Now we'll off," cried Matt, after dinner, to Frank, Tom Smith, French and half a dozen others.

"Where are you bound?" asked Tom.

"To Jerry's."

"But, my dear fellow——"

"That's all right. We're going to clean out the place, that is, if Jerry don't consent to get out."

"Good!" We'll have the thanks of the whole community."

Away they started, their ranks gathering numbers as they went, the news of the expedition having spread in the most remarkable manner.

They struck off directly for Jerry's, which they reached in about half an hour from the time they left the school.

Down the winding path they went, and going in at the back door so as to save time, they suddenly entered the bar, where the business of making drunkards was in full blast.

Half a dozen old toppers sat around the room drinking, one seedy old customer being in the act of putting down a dime in payment for a glass of rum, which Jerry himself had put before him.

"Where's your license?" cried Matt.

"Get out of here, you young villain!" cried Jerry.

"They come from the school," croaked an old woman, who was standing in front of a little cupboard over the chimney-place. "They'll be good customers."

"What business have you to sell without a license?" asked our hero. "Now just listen."

"I'll listen to you," cried Jerry, in a rage, coming from behind his bar with a bung-starter in his hand. "Just ye get out here, darned quick."

"That's what *you've* got to do," answered Matt, putting up his fists and supported by all his chums. "Send these men home and shut up shop, or we'll clean you out, and then complain to the authorities."

Jerry saw by the determined attitude of Matt and his followers, that they meant business, and that perhaps it was best to temporize with them.

He could not depend upon but more than two or three of his customers to aid him, the others being too drunk, or too lazy, and the boys' force outnumbered his three to one.

"What are you got agin' me?" he said, coaxingly. "I hain't never troubled ye, have I?"

"You've sold liquor to our boys when you know it's forbidden."

"No, I hain't. I've giv' 'em a sup now an' then, but I never takes no money from 'em."

"Yes, you look like a man that would give away anything!" sneered Tom. "At any rate, you've just been selling to these men, for I saw the money. You've got to stop this business."

"Who's going to make me?"

"We are!" answered Matt. "Turn these men out, dump all your liquor out into the ocean, and shut up shop, or we'll do it for you."

"That's it!" yelled all the boys.

"I'll have the law on ye, ye young scoundrels!" roared Jerry, making a rush at Matt, who cleverly tripped him up, and caused him to fall heavily against the counter.

"Don't talk about law! You'll get all of that you want and more too, before we get through with you."

Here two or three of the toppers, smelling trouble, quietly got out so as to have nothing to do with the disturbance, and perhaps to escape rough handling on their own part.

"What's all this fuss about, any way?" asked Jerry, getting upon his feet.

"You've been decoying some of our best boys here, and you've got to stop it. Wolf Ulmer is one. You would like to ruin him. As for Rodney Wardell, Leslie Hammerton, and that crowd, they're bad already, but you are not going to spoil the good fellows, not if we know it."

"I can't help their coming here, can I?" asked Jerry in a conciliatory tone.

"No, but you can help decoying them here by the aid of your stool-pigeons. Now, are you going to stop this sort of business?"

"No."

"Then we'll clean your place out, and if you start up again, we'll clean you out again. More than that, you are suspected of being a thief, and a receiver of stolen goods, and of keeping gamblers' implements. We'll get you on all of these counts before we are through with you, my man."

"I never sold nothing to young Wolf, and he didn't come 'ere to see me at all!" growled Jerry.

"Didn't he leave this place yesterday with a bottle in his hand, and didn't you tell him to come again?"

"No."

"Why what an old liar you are!" cried Tom. "We saw

him give the bottle to Wardell, and heard you call out to him."

"Better settle the thing, old man," cried the crone, going towards a door opposite the bar. "The young monkeys has got their spunk up, and they'd just as lief clear ye out as not."

"This 'ere is all a mistake," muttered Jerry. "I'll admit that Master Wolf has been 'ere, but I never axed him in, and I never sold nor give him nothin'. I seed he was better nor Master Rodney, who tried to get me to make Master Wolf drunk, the same as he has been hisself, many's the time. What I told ye 'bout his being my best customer and not paying his whisky bill was all lies, 'cause I was mad."

"But Wardell enticed him here at your suggestion."

"No, he didn't neither. Master Wolf came the first time, 'cause he war sent for, and afterwards of his own 'cord. My boy went arter him, but I didn't send him."

"Who then?"

In the meantime the old crone had entered another room, and she now reappeared pushing a large arm-chair before her, in which sat a man, bronzed and bearded—evidently a sailor by his looks—who seemed to be very unwell and suffering from some severe complaint.

"Here's the man as sent for yer friend," she said; "now then, Matey, tell the young gents all about it."

"Are you Master Wolf's friends?" asked the man. "It was I who sent for him to come here, as I had many things to tell him."

"Who are you?"

"I was the mate of the ship *Viking*, but there is little left of me now. I knew Captain Ulmer, Wolf's father, and once served under him. I discovered the secret of his disappearance, and being unable to go to the school sent for him to come here. The place is not very attractive, to be sure, and Jerry's reputation is none of the best, but I can't afford the best of lodging, and so I remained here after my accident."

"You have been hurt?"

"I fell on board ship and have been laid up more or less ever since. My back will never come right, I don't think, and I'm afraid I've done my last voyage. Jerry brought me here in his boat, for I wouldn't trust any one with my message."

"And this is why Wolf has been here so much?"

"Yes, to hear from my lips all I could tell him concerning his father. During the last voyage a bottle was picked up which settles the man's fate, a message being sealed within it."

"You gave Wolf this?"

"Yes, and if you saw him with a bottle in his hand, that was the one, for he never drinks."

"And this message?"

"Speaks of an island in the Indian ocean, far out of the line of travel, where Captain Ulmer has been cast away these many years. It is a long time since the bottle was committed to the waves."

"He was shipwrecked?"

"Yes, and this bottle contained the story of the wreck, of the life on the island, of the hope of deliverance, of the despair of the poor castaway, as one by one his comrades

died, leaving him alone, and many things of interest to his son."

"I found this bottle, as I said, and having known Captain Ulmer, and mourning like others his loss, for all believed him dead, determined to seek out Wolf and tell him all I knew."

"And is his father still alive?"

"I do not know, for it is many years since he was cast away. The position of the island is given approximately, and Wolf says he will spare no pains to ascertain whether or not his father is still living."

"This, then, is the explanation of his visits to this place," said Frank. "All might have been explained but for the false words of Wardell."

"He is a vicious young man," remarked the wanderer, "and, had I supposed it necessary, would have warned Wolf against him, but I supposed he knew his deceitful character, as I saw he had but little to say to him."

"Jerry," said Mart, suddenly, "if you will get a license to sell your detestable stuff, all right, and, anyhow, we won't bother you to-day. Be off with you, boys, the show is over. Come, Frank, we must hunt up Wolf and settle this thing up at once."

CHAPTER VI.

AN UNFORTUNATE GUST OF WIND.

THAT same afternoon, between four and five o'clock, Wolf was walking along the cliffs seeking that calm which his distracted thoughts had so long denied him.

Below him lay the sea moaning and sighing, the clouds hanging low on the horizon, and masses of dull-colored vapor partly obscuring the descending sun.

The unrest of the ocean, the premonition of a coming storm, and the mournful sighing of the wind were all typical of the commotion within his own breast, and the sight of the sea was for the first time distasteful to him.

The tide was rising, and promised to be a high one, the wind setting directly in upon shore, but of this he thought not, his troubled state of mind banishing all other thoughts but those of his own distress.

On and on he walked over the dry and parched grass, now and then pausing to look behind him, and then continuing his solitary journey, having no idea but to subdue the tempest within his bosom.

Darkness would fall before long, and he was far from the school, where he felt that now there was no attraction for him, where he cared not if he never returned.

"A word would have settled the whole thing!" he muttered, "and if I had not been so hot-headed I might have spoken it and got rid of all this trouble."

Suddenly he seemed to realize that it was growing late and that he had better retrace his steps.

As he turned to do so, a sudden gust of wind, stronger than before, caught his hat and sent it whirling over the cliff.

An expression of annoyance arose to his lips, when suddenly he noticed that the breeze from the sea had tossed the hat back and thrown it against the shelving bank just a few feet below him.

Not thinking of the danger, he began to descend, the loose

earth and shingle sliding from under his feet and carrying him further than he intended.

The hat, too, rolled still further down the bank just as he was about to seize it, necessitating a further descent.

Still unmindful of his danger he went farther down, when suddenly the loose earth slid from under him and he was carried, despite himself, to a point nearly half way down.

Then he realized the difficulty of ascending, one or two trials showing him the impracticability of such an attempt.

He would gain a few steps and then be carried back by the shifting earth, losing more ground than he had gained, getting his mouth and eyes full of fine dust, and expending his strength in fruitless efforts.

After a few failures he determined to abandon the attempt to ascend, and to make his way down to the base of the cliff, and then walk around.

This would entail a longer journey, but it seemed the more feasible undertaking of the two, and he accordingly began putting it into execution.

The descent was easy, even at times dangerously rapid, but at last he came to where the bank suddenly broke off, there being a sheer descent of about ten feet.

This he jumped, striking the sand beneath him, and coming off with nothing more serious than a slight shock.

He at once began making his way toward the point where Jerry's cabin stood, that being the only place where an ascent was practicable.

As he walked he suddenly cast a glance out over the advancing tide, and his heart grew as cold as ice.

The waters were rushing up the narrow beach with irresistible force, threatening to soon cover it and block his path.

Already the sands began to grow moist and crumble beneath his feet, and he had not accomplished half the distance necessary to bring him to a place of safety.

Ahead of him he could see that the waters had already encroached upon his path, and that at the rate the waves were coming in he would be obliged to wade, perhaps swim, in order to reach the desired haven.

Faster and faster the waters surge and rush up, sweeping away the sand from under his feet and making his progress more difficult.

Lower sinks the sun on the horizon, thicker grows the masses of dull, leaden clouds, colder blows the wind, while wilder and more mournful sounds the song of wave and gathering tempest.

On and on he presses, but the water has now reached to his knees, and his foothold grows more and more uncertain.

Behind him there is a little stretch of beach yet uncovered, and he determines to return thither, divest himself of his clothes, and swim to the point.

He struggles and flounders along, but at last reaches the sand, and ascending a little platform of rock, where there is a slight indentation in the cliff, proceeds to undress.

The cold air chills him as it strikes his naked body, and he plunges into the water to escape its icy touch.

The water is colder yet, and as he buffets the waves with all his strength he dreads to think of the probability of becoming chilled, or of being taken with a cramp, both of which events are likely to occur.

The wind drives the salt spray into his face and blinds him; the huge waves buffet him with powerful strokes, and threaten to drive him against the rocks; the mist gathers over the waters, and the sun, now about setting, throws a lurid light through the fog, and seems to bathe the waves in blood.

The poor boy is becoming exhausted, and yet the point is still far away, and the billows are rising higher and higher, the air growing more chill, and the goal seemingly further off every stroke.

He can make no headway against the waves and the winds, which now seem to be singing his dirge, as, worn out and chilled through, he once more regains the beach and sinks, thoroughly exhausted, upon the ledge of rock.

CHAPTER VII.

A RACE WITH THE TIDE.

It was useless for him to attempt to make the point by swimming, and Wolf had now but one alternative.

That was to wait for the tide to fall, and then make his way along the beach.

He shivered from head to foot, and his body was blue and numb with the cold, the keen air from the sea cutting to the bone at every blast.

He drew on his moist garments with great difficulty, and then retired to the highest available point of the rocks to await the rising of the tide.

He had often, from a place of safety, watched the tide coming in, had lain on his back at the top of the cliff, bathed in sunshine, and listened to the ceaseless murmurs of the waves, and felt at peace with all the world.

Now how different was the aspect of sea and sky, of all nature itself.

There was a vindictiveness in the roar of the ocean which appalled him, as though it were some dread monster seeking him for its prey, and not to be put off.

The waves which he had seen so blue and clear, tipped with foaming spray, were now as black as ink, and every one seemed like a fierce hand eager to clutch him and drag him from his place of safety.

Faster and faster yet they surged up, until they covered all the sand and encroached upon the rocks, higher and higher yet, dashing the foam and spray into his face, and mocking his despair with the thunder of their insatiate greed.

The sun goes down, and for an instant the face of the cliff is bathed in a red light, which then fades away, leaving all black and cheerless.

As the light strikes there the boy looks above him, and suddenly a chill strikes to his heart.

Far above his head, far beyond his reach he sees the high water mark, and knows that he is doomed.

The waters will, ere long, cover the place where he stands, and then he will be lifted up and dashed against the pitiless rocks, or swept out to sea never more to see the dear land again, his body carried far—far away, never to be claimed, his fate never to be known.

To die so young, when all the world is yet before him, is terrible enough, but to die alone, and in this dreadful way, is more than he can bear.

How he wishes now that he had never quarreled with his friends, that he had explained matters, that he could, if but for an instant, speak to them and ask pardon for his willfulness.

He cries aloud in his despair to be saved from this awful fate, but only the winds and waves answer him, seeming to mock at his distress.

Once he fancies he hears voices calling to him, but he knows that it is but his imagination, and that there is no help for him.

The boys are all at home by this time, and perhaps he is not even missed, or if he is, no one would know where to look for him, no one venture to risk their lives to save him.

He shrieks, he raves, he prays, he calls for help in this awful hour of need, but the shrieks of the gulls circling wildly in air over the stormy ocean is the only sound he hears in answer.

Again he thinks he hears voices calling to him, and bends his ear to listen, but now the roar of wind and wave drives all else from hearing, and he gives up to bitter despair.

How the wind sighs and moans about him, how the roaring billows mock and jeer at him, how all the elements seem to be at war against him, and conspiring for the one weak life which is as nothing when opposed to their fury.

Higher and higher come the waves until he is covered to the waist, and is obliged to cling with all his might to the rock to keep from being washed away.

He takes no note of time except by the rising of the waters, for the sky is like ink and he can see nothing, only knowing that before him is the great expanse of waters, behind him the precipitous cliff, and his fate but a matter of a few minutes.

His brow is cold and covered with sweat, his limbs are benumbed, his heart even seems to cease its beating, his throat is dry and parched, and his temples throb as though some force within were trying to break its bonds.

He is silent now, for the calm of despair is upon him, and the thought of his awful fate has sealed his lips.

He is but waiting for death, feeling that no earthly help can save him now, and that but a little while and he must be called before his Maker, unprepared, unpardoned, with all his sins upon his head.

He feels that he must die, but the thought is not so terrible now when he knows that no help is at hand, that it is inevitable, and that no effort of his can prevent the catastrophe.

His consciousness gradually leaves him, his eyes close, his head drops upon his breast, his arms fall at his side, and soon, as the water rises higher and higher, he is lifted from his feet and borne away towards the open sea.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHAT MATT AND FRANK DID.

EAGER to find their former friend, and tell him all they had heard, the two boys hurried from the place and made their way to the top of the cliff.

They turned towards the school, but presently met little French, who told them that he knew Wolf was not there, as he had gone away an hour before.

"He must be on the cliff," suggested Matt. "That used to be a favorite walk of his."

"How often have we taken it together!" sighed Frank. "Poor fellow! I trust that the old happy days may return, and that we shall be the dear friends once more that we used to be."

"Come along, old man," cried Matt, seizing the other by the arm. "I'm in an awful hurry to have you make it up. I seem to feel that something may happen even yet to prevent it."

Both boys at once returned to the cliffs, and hurrying along, strained their eyes to see if Wolf was anywhere about.

The tide was fast rising, and as they gazed out to sea, they could tell that a storm was coming on, and that the night would be a wild one.

The sun was setting, and the air was filled with a haze which made it impossible, at that height, to distinguish objects at a distance.

They could see nothing of him they sought, and presently they decided to return, as it was now growing late, and beyond a doubt Wolf had already returned to the school.

As they came to this conclusion Frank suddenly saw something which gave him a start.

This was a boy's hat, lying among a lot of loose stones, half way down the sloping bank.

"Look there!" he cried, pulling Matt by the sleeve. "That hat must belong to one of the school fellows."

"Some one has gone down there—perhaps fallen from the top," said Matt, quickly and in an awe-struck tone.

"I'll go and get it, and then we shall know who it is. It must be some of our boys."

"Stop!" exclaimed Matt, detaining Frank. "You will find it far easier to go down than to come up again."

"But some one is down there. Hark! Did you hear that?"

Both boys fancied that they heard a cry of distress from below, but the winds and the waves were so noisy that they concluded they must be mistaken.

They both shouted, but received no answer, and then Frank said suddenly:

"Wolf is down there and we must save him. He must be unconscious, or he would have heard us. Let us run to the village for help."

"We shall be too late. The tide——"

"My God! Must he die without our making one effort to——"

"No. I am going to do what I can."

"And that is——"

"Go to the point and get Jerry's boat. The water will prevent Wolf's walking, but there are many places where he can rest secure till we reach him."

Upon the instant, as if by a common instinct, both boys started off upon a dead run towards the point, keeping side by side and saying nothing, lest they should waste the breath they so much needed.

Their plan was, perhaps, the best one that could have been thought of, for by the time they had gone to the village and returned with assistance it would be too late to save their friend.

Possibly they might have procured ropes with which to

descend the cliff at Jerry's, but once having reached there, it was as easy to go round by boat as to return over the cliffs, and, perhaps, easier.

Away they scampered, and both being good runners, they fairly flew over the ground, feeling that they were upon an errand of life or death, and that they must make the best use of their time.

They reached the path leading below just as the sun sank beneath the waters, and as they hurried down Matt said:

"He will be chilled through and through. We must get some spirits, rules or no rules."

"You're right, and there is no time to stand on ceremony."

Reaching the house, Matt entered forthwith, and seeing the crone sitting by the fire, said, hastily:

"Give me a flask of brandy, my good woman, and be quick about it, too, for I've no time to lose."

"Brandy to a boy like that!" shrieked the crone. "You'll be having the law on me if I do, my beauty. No you don't! There's none in the house."

"Come, come; it's for Master Wolf, your friend; let me have it."

"If Master Wolf comes after it, he can have it, but I won't trust a stranger. Weren't you one of the lads that wanted to break up the house this afternoon?"

"No nonsense; give me the stuff. I want it, I tell you."

"Then go look further, for not a drop will you get from me, you young deceiver, not a drop."

Matt was sure that there was liquor in the house, but he could not waste time bandying words with the crone, for the minutes were precious.

Going directly to the little cupboard over the chimney-place, he threw it open, and saw several flasks of various sizes standing on a shelf.

Taking down the smallest, he assured himself of its contents, and then stuck it in his pocket, tossing a silver dollar at the old woman's feet.

"There!" he cried; "that's more than it's worth, but I wouldn't be without it for ten times the money, for it may save a life."

With this, he dashed outside, slamming the door behind him, while the old woman clutched eagerly at the money, and chuckled to herself as she held it up so that the fire-light shone upon it.

"I've got it," cried Matt, as he joined Frank, "and now for the boat."

The latter was secured to the stake driven in the sand, and was now afloat, owing to the rising of the tide.

"We've no time to lose," cried Matt, springing in. "The water must have covered the sands by this time."

"How are we going to get it loose? It's fastened with a padlock. Did you bring the key?"

For answer Matt seized the rusty chain by which the boat was secured, and tugged at it sharply.

The action caused the boat to rock, and Frank was thrown down; but the chain parted, and in another moment the boat was adrift.

"Now," muttered Matt, "we've no time to lose. Take your oars."

"There are only two in the boat."

"All right. I'll take one and you the other. We'll get on better so."

"We've a good pull before us," remarked Frank, as he sat at the bow and dipped his oar into the water. "This is a miserable affair of a boat."

"It's all we have," answered his comrade, "and we must make the best of it."

Then they both dipped together, Matt keeping stroke, and both pulling heartily, knowing that upon their efforts a human life depended.

The waves tossed them up and down, and threatened to swamp them more than once, but they kept manfully at work, and in spite of obstacles made good progress.

The boat was heavy and leaked badly, being used merely as a sort of tender for Jerry's schooner, and was never meant to brave the rough seas.

The oars, too, were none of the best, being patched and spliced; but with a little care they could be made to answer, and the boys made them tell for all they were worth.

"How far are we now?" asked Frank. "Do you see him?"

"No; perhaps we had better shout."

Shout they did, but heard only the echoes from the cliff in answer, both sea and sky being now as dark as pitch, and nothing to guide them to the spot where their friend lay but the sound of his voice alone.

"What a night!" cried Matt, as the wind began to howl around them. "God help him, and us, too; for I fear that danger is ahead for us all!"

CHAPTER IX.

A BRIEF RESPIRE.

BOTH boys pulled in silence for some minutes, when Frank said suddenly:

"How the old tub leaks! I'm in water up to my ankles. Couldn't we bail her out?"

"We'd better not stop for that now. The sea is getting rougher. Pull harder or we'll be sent upon the rocks. I can see the outlines of the cliff not far away."

Both boys pulled with a will in order to overcome the force of the opposing current, when suddenly, after half a dozen strokes, an ominous sound was heard.

Snap!

"What's that?" cried Matt.

"I've broken my oar. I don't know if I struck it against something or if I pulled too hard."

"Did you lose the blade?"

"Yes, it's on the lee; you may find it if you are quick about it."

Matt sprang over to the other side of the boat, and thrust his arm deep into the water.

"My God!"

"What's the matter?" cried Frank, springing to his side and causing the boat to rock terribly.

"There is some one in the water," was Matt's startling announcement. "Help me to get him into the boat."

Reaching over, Frank felt the form of a boy, and putting his hands under the arms, with Matt's assistance dragged him in.

They laid him on athwart and Matt forced some of the brandy down his throat, having previously discovered that he was alive by laying one hand upon his heart.

Presently there came a low rumbling sound like thunder, and the waves seemed to be increasing in violence, the boat drifting, they knew not whither.

"Take the good oar, Frank, and paddle," directed Matt; "we must not drift upon the rocks."

Frank took the oar, and then Matt felt of the boy's pulse and spoke to him, receiving no answer, however.

Suddenly there came a vivid flash of lightning, an unusual thing for this time of the year, and by its light Frank saw that they were being carried away from the cliffs and out to sea.

By its light also Matt saw the face of the person they had so strangely rescued.

It was Wolf.

The wave which had borne him away from his haven on the rocks had carried him against the boat, but even then he might not have been discovered, had not Matt caught his hair when he thrust his hand into the water.

"Thank God!" muttered the boy. "It is Wolf, sure enough."

"Is he yet alive?"

"Yes, but not conscious. I think I can arouse him, however."

He thereupon put his energies to this task, and there was a silence for several minutes, when suddenly Frank said:

"Matt?"

"Well?"

"I can't make any headway against the waves. The boat is too heavy, and she is leaking worse than ever."

"We must have struck a sunken rock. Have you any thing to bail her out with?"

"There's an old tin dipper in the bottom."

"Take that. We can do nothing with one oar against this current. We must trust to our drifting ashore further on, or of being picked up."

Frank now sat down on the forward thwart, and began to bail out, while Matt who had been chafing Wolf's hands, and rubbing his bared chest, now poured a few drops of brandy down his throat.

He coughed, groaned once or twice, moved uneasily, and then making an effort to rise, asked huskily:

"Who is it? What is this place?"

"You're in a boat."

"Is that you, Matt?" he then asked, being assisted to sit up by our hero.

"Yes."

"Who else is these? Didn't I hear you talking to some one?"

"It is Frank."

"And you have saved me from death? It is more than I deserved."

"There, there, old fellow, don't try to talk. Take another drop of this, it will warm you up, and goodness knows you need that."

"Thanks; I was feeling as cold as ice. How did you know I was down there on the beach? I had given myself up for lost."

"We suspected it was you. Here, take my coat; you are shivering from head to foot."

"But you will need it," replied Wolf, feebly protesting.

Matt changed coats, his own being heavier and warmer than Wolf's and dry in the bargain, and then the boy half lay upon the thwart, being drowsy and scarcely able to sit up.

"You are not rowing?" he asked, presently. "You are tired out. Let me help you."

"No, no! Sit still," said Frank. "One oar is broken; we shall have to drift ashore."

"Do you forgive me, Frank, for treating you so coldly? It was all a mistake, and I can explain——"

"We know all now, Wolf, old fellow; so pray say nothing about it. I was more to blame than you were."

"It is kind of you to say that. Why won't you let me row?" he asked again, forgetting what Frank had just told him.

"It would be useless," returned Frank, but the boy hardly heard him, for he leaned over on Matt's shoulder, folded his arms, and in a moment was asleep.

"How do you come on with the bailing, old man?"

"Poorly. The water seems to come in faster than I can throw it out."

"If you will hold Wolf, I will take a spell at it."

"Oh, I'm not tired at all, but my efforts seem fruitless."

"The plug is in?"

"Yes; I looked at that the first thing. We can't any more than keep her afloat, no matter how hard we work."

"Never mind the water then, only don't let her gain too much on you."

Presently, after a considerable pause, Frank said, in a whisper:

"It's no use, Matt; the water is gaining on me. We can't keep it out, and sooner or later we must go down."

"Never give up the ship, old fellow. We shall get out of this yet."

CHAPTER X.

ADrift ON THE OCEAN.

IN spite of Matt's cheerful assurance to the contrary, he felt anything but confident, and shared with Frank the feeling that they were in a situation of great peril.

After a little, Wolf aroused himself and complained of being cold, whereupon Matt made him take a generous draught of the brandy to warm him up.

In such circumstances, liquor does not intoxicate, no matter in what quantities it is taken, and so Wolf felt nothing but the good effects, though had he taken, at another time, the amount which Matt had already administered to him, he would have been helplessly intoxicated.

Both Frank and Matt swallowed a portion of the invigorating liquid, feeling much better for it, and then, as Wolf seemed able to sit up, Matt took his turn at bailing.

He soon found, as Frank had said, that it was utterly useless to attempt to get rid of the water, and he could only diminish the flood to a small extent.

He had discovered a bad leak in the bottom of the boat, however, and this he succeeded in stopping by stuffing Wolf's wet coat between the ceiling and the keel.

Suddenly Frank uttered a cry of mingled joy and terror.

"The Danger Point lighthouse!" he cried. "We shall be driven upon the rocks! We may yet be saved!"

Matt looked up and beheld the light streaming across the waters.

"We are passing it," he said calmly. "We are now in the track of light."

"Let us hail them."

All three boys set up a shout, but their voices only mingled with the noise of the tempest, and they drifted rapidly by the lighthouse without attracting any attention.

The keepers often fancied they heard voices in the storm, and so never bothered themselves unless they actually saw men struggling in the waves.

Fiercer and fiercer dashed the surf against the rocks, louder and louder grew the voice of the tempest, the waves rushing up with frightful velocity, the elements contending against each other with greater force.

Straight out to sea went the boat, as they could see by the light, and more perilous grew their situation.

"It's no use," said Frank. "Don't bail any more, Matt. You can't do any good."

"Not much, at all events," returned the other, resignedly.

"There is no hope," murmured Wolf, "and you boys have periled your lives in vain to save mine. Would I had made it more worthy to be saved."

"We are in God's hands," said Matt, fervently; "let us not complain."

Then the three boys sat close to one another, and in silence awaited that death which they all felt must come before long.

The water in the boat arose nearly to their knees, and they were drenched by the spray which constantly flew over them, the weight of the boat being the only thing which prevented it from being swamped.

That it would founder eventually, however, was a foregone conclusion, and the boys were only waiting now for the end.

There was no chance of their drifting on shore, and as for being picked up it was not likely that any vessels would be out in this storm, when ports were so near, and there had been sufficient warning of the gale.

"Matt," said Wolf, after a long silence, "can nothing save us?"

"I fear not."

"And you will lose your life in trying to save mine."

"I was in duty bound to make the attempt."

"And Frank, too, he must be sacrificed. You forgive me, old friend?"

"Fully."

"I am glad that I am not to die without having been reconciled to you. Let me sit between you and take both your hands. The water is still rising."

"Yes," answered Matt quietly, as he lifted Wolf into the desired position.

At times the lightning would flash across their path, showing the sea yet more angry and tumultuous, the clouds blacker and the whole aspect more threatening.

They could not see the shore now, all around them being a waste of troubled waters, through which their crazy boat labored heavily, threatening at any moment to go down.

They said but little after this, each communing with the Almighty, and preparing for an entrance into eternity as best they might.

"The water is rising, it is almost up to the gunwales," whispered Wolf. "Good-bye, boys."

Frank suddenly threw his arms about him with a passionate cry, saying, while the tears rolled down his cheeks:

"Good-bye, Wolf. Let us only remember that we were friends at the last."

Then he released him, and giving his hand one last pressure, clasped his own hands together, and breathed a silent petition for pardon.

"Good-bye, Matt," said Wolf, "though death need not part us. We shall meet again beyond this abode of sorrow and suffering. God save us all, old fellow."

"Good-bye," said Matt in a voice choked with feeling. "We are all friends once again. Let us be grateful for that."

The boat was now rapidly filling, and already began to whirl around and around preparatory to going down.

Another instant and their course of life would be over, the sea would swallow them up, and the waves close over their heads, as though a human life was of no consequence, and the sorrow of anxious hearts at home a matter of no moment.

CHAPTER XI.

CONCLUSION.

WHEN the three boys were missed at tea-time but little was thought of it, as the boys were frequently allowed to remain out until evening.

When the tutors and the principal began to make inquiries, however, the boys felt alarmed, particularly as their comrades had been known to go towards the cliff.

When, the next morning, neither of the three had put in an appearance, the doctor began to make an investigation.

Thinking that Jerry might have had something to do with the boys' disappearance, out of revenge for the threats they had uttered against him, the doctor took a constable and went to the man's house.

The old woman told him that Jerry had gone away in his schooner the day before, soon after the trouble between him and the boys, and not having yet returned, she feared that he had been lost in the storm which was still raging.

Then she told how Matt and Frank had come in just before sunset, and how, after they had gone, she had missed the boat and strongly suspected that they had taken it, for she could just see it at a distance with two figures in it, whose identity she could not make out.

That the two boys were lost there was no doubt, but as regarded Wolf, there was still nothing to be determined.

The next day a coat was washed ashore near the point, which was identified as having been Wolf's, his name being still plainly visible on the inside of the band, and several letters addressed to him being found in the pockets.

Later on the wreck of a boat, known to be Jerry's, was found a long way down the coast, and then the belief that the boys had been drowned was confirmed.

Two days more passed and neither Jerry nor his schooner had been seen or heard from, and he too was given up for lost, the old woman disposing of the shanty and its contents,

and going into service in another town, where the people would not be likely to know her.

The man who had furnished Wolf the information about his father was sent to the hospital, but did not live more than a day or so, having taken a severe cold the first night of the storm.

That all three boys were dead could not now be doubted, and Matt's father and Frank's mother were sent for, and came down to claim their sons' effects.

Matt's father had a strange story to tell, which seemed now all the more sad on account of Wolf's untimely end.

This was no less than the account of the rescue of a man from a lone island on the Indian Ocean; not put down in any chart, who had been living there for years, and had never expected to leave it.

Had not a ship been driven far out of her course, and sought a harbor in a little bay on one side of the island, he might have never been found, but have spent the balance of his days there, and died, unwept for, forgotten by all the world.

This man was no less a person than Captain Ulmer, Wolfert's father, and he had arrived in New York a day or so after the storm, the vessel having been delayed on that account.

Knowing Wolf from hearing Matt speak of him, and being acquainted with his sad story, he was prepared to give the boy a joyful surprise, not having been told that he, too, was missing.

He had found the returned castaway, who seemed only desirous of meeting his son once more, his wife, Wolf's mother, having died soon after his reported death.

Mr. Merry promised to bring his son back with him, and was now placed in a most distressing dilemma.

If he told the man that his son had been lost at sea the news would kill him; if he withheld the dread tidings the man might become impatient and seek his son, or he might himself hear the news, the evil effect of which could be readily foreseen.

Wolf's death at such a time, therefore, seemed especially sad, as his fate had already been told that he was still alive, and was waiting with feverish anxiety for his return.

To tell him now, therefore, that Wolf was dead, would be to sign his death-warrant; and yet, sooner or later, the truth must be learned.

Four days after the first fatal news, however, there came strange revelations.

The boys reappeared alive and well, and with them the missing Jerry.

He had picked them up at the moment their miserable boat had swamped, though he was nearly capsized in doing so.

The schooner was obliged to run before the gale, and was not able to return for a couple of days.

Necessary repairs had to be made, and so it happened that, with delay of one kind and another, the boys did not return until long given up for dead.

Wolf and Frank were fully reconciled now, Wolf explaining, among other things, that the bottle he had been seen handing to Wardell was the one the sailor had given to him, and that he had shown it to the other upon his jeering at him for being seen coming out of Jerry's with a bottle.

As for Jerry, he had come so near to losing his life during the gale that he resolved to, and did, turn over a new leaf, never selling or drinking a drop of liquor after that, and making his living in a strictly honest manner.

The joy of the meeting between Wolf and his father cannot be described, and we will not make the attempt.

With the reconciliation of Wolf and Frank came better days for the school, they, with Matt and Tom and others striving to make it one of the best in the country.

By degrees the objectionable element was weeded out, Wardell and Hammerton being before long detected in the commission of flagrant violations of the school laws; and they were summarily expelled, the others leaving shortly after, being evidently tired of remaining in a place where they were so unpopular.

After that everything went well, and nothing occurred to disturb the excellent discipline, though harmless sport was not discouraged, Matt being as ever THE LIFE OF THE SCHOOL.

[THE END.]

Captain Will Dayton, the author of this story, is also the author of the following stories contained in the Wide Awake Library: No. 1313, "Sam Sharpe at School," No. 1293, "The Mad Hunter; or, The Mystery of the Beaver Dam."

TO EUROPE BY MISTAKE.

By "BRICKTOP"

Telling all about how it happened. Containing twelve illustrations by the great comic artist,

THOMAS WORTH. Price 10 cents.

For sale by all newsdealers, or we will send it to you upon receipt of price. Address

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,

29 West 26th Street, - - New York.

ZEB SMITH'S COUNTRY STORE.

By "BRICKTOP."

Handsomely illustrated by THOMAS WORTH.

A Laugh on Every Page. Illuminated Cover. Price Ten Cents.

For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada or will be sent post-paid upon receipt of price. Address

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,

29 West 26th Street, - - New York.

Frank Tousey's Hand Books.

Containing Useful Information on Almost Every Subject Under the Sun. Price 10 Cents Per Copy

No. 1.

Napoleon's Oraculum and Dream Book.

Containing the great oracle of human destiny; also the true meaning of almost any kind of dreams, together with charms, ceremonies, and curious games of cards. A complete book. Price 10 cents.

No. 2.

HOW TO DO TRICKS.

The great book of magic and card tricks, containing full instruction of all the leading card tricks of the day, also the most popular magical illusions as performed by our leading magicians; every boy should obtain a copy, as it will both amuse and instruct. Price 10 cents.

No. 3.

HOW TO FLIRT.

The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of handkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window and hat flirtations, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers, which is interesting to everybody, both old and young. You cannot be happy without one. Price 10 cents.

No. 4.

HOW TO DANCE

Is the title of a new and handsome little book just issued by Frank Tousey. It contains full instructions in the art of dancing, etiquette in the ball-room and at parties, how to dress, and full directions for calling off in all popular square dances. The price is 10 cents.

No. 5.

HOW TO MAKE LOVE.

A complete guide to love, courtship and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed, with many curious and interesting things not generally known. Price 10 cents.

No. 6.

HOW TO BECOME AN ATHLETE.

Giving full instruction for the use of dumb-bells, Indian clubs, parallel bars, horizontal bars and various other methods of developing a good, healthy muscle; containing over sixty illustrations. Every boy can become strong and healthy by following the instructions contained in this little book. Price 10 cents.

No. 7.

HOW TO KEEP BIRDS.

Handsomely illustrated, and containing full instructions for the management and training of the canary, mocking-bird, bobolink, blackbird, parakeet, parrot, etc., etc. Price 10 cents.

No. 8.

HOW TO BECOME A SCIENTIST.

A useful and instructive book, giving a complete treatise on chemistry; also, experiments in acoustics, mechanics, mathematics, chemistry, and directions for making fireworks, colored fires, and gas balloons. This book cannot be equaled. Price 10 cents.

No. 9.

HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILOQUIST.

By Harry Kennedy. The secret given away. Every intelligent boy reading this book of instructions, by a practical professor (delighting multitudes every night with his wonderful imitations), can master the art, and create any amount of fun for himself and friends. It is the greatest book ever published, and there's millions (of fun) in it. Price 10 cents.

No. 10.

HOW TO BOX.

The art of self-defense made easy. Containing over thirty illustrations of guards, blows and the different positions of a good boxer. Every boy should obtain one of these useful and instructive books, as it will teach you how to box without an instructor. Price 10 cents.

No. 11.

HOW TO WRITE LOVE-LETTERS.

A most complete little book, containing full directions for writing love-letters, and when to use them; also giving specimen letters for both young and old. Price 10 cents.

No. 12.

HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO LADIES.

Giving complete instructions for writing letters to ladies on all subjects; also, letters of introduction, notes and requests. Price 10 cents.

No. 13.

How to Do It; or, Book of Etiquette.

It is a great life secret, and one that every young man desires to know all about. Send 10 cents and get it. There's happiness in it.

No. 14.

HOW TO MAKE CANDY.

A complete hand-book for making all kinds of candy, ice-cream, syrups, essences, etc., etc. Price 10 cents.

No. 15.

HOW TO BECOME RICH.

This wonderful book presents you with the example and life experience of some of the most noted and wealthy men in the world, including the self-made men of our country. The book is edited by one of the most successful men of the present age, whose own example is in itself guide enough for those who aspire to fame and money. The book will give you the secret. Price 10 cents.

No. 16.

HOW TO KEEP A WINDOW GARDEN.

Containing full instructions for constructing a window garden either in town or country, and the most approved methods for raising beautiful flowers at home. The most complete book of the kind ever published. Price 10 cents.

No. 17.

HOW TO DRESS.

Containing full instruction in the art of dressing and appearing well at home and abroad, giving the selections of colors, material, and how to have them made up. Price 10 cents.

No. 18.

HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.

One of the brightest and most valuable little books ever given to the world. Everybody wishes to know how to become beautiful, both male and female. The secret is simple, and almost costless. Read this book and be convinced how to become beautiful. Price 10 cents.

No. 19.

FRANK TOUSEY'S

United States Distance Tables, Pocket Companion and Guide.

Giving the official distances on all the railroads of the United States and Canada. Also, table of distances by water to foreign ports, back fares in the principal cities, reports of the census, etc., etc., making it one of the most complete and handy books published. Price 10 cents.

No. 20.

How to Entertain an Evening Party.

A very valuable little book just published. A complete compendium of games, sports, card-diversions, comic recreations, etc., suitable for parlor or drawing-room entertainment. It contains more for the money than any book published. Price 10 cents.

No. 21.

HOW TO HUNT AND FISH.

The most complete hunting and fishing guide ever published. It contains full instructions about guns, hunting dogs, traps, trapping and fishing, together with descriptions of game and fish. Price 10 cents.

No. 22.

HOW TO DO SECOND SIGHT.

Heller's second sight explained by his former assistant, Fred Hunt, Jr. Explaining how the secret dialogues were carried on between the magician and the boy on the stage; also giving all the codes and signals. The only authentic explanation of second sight. Price 10 cents.

No. 23.

HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS.

Everybody dreams, from the little child to the aged man and woman. This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days, and "Napoleon's Oraculum," the book of fate. Price 10 cents.

No. 24.

HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO GENTLEMEN.

Containing full directions for writing to gentlemen on all subjects; also giving sample letters for instruction. Price 10 cents.

No. 25.

HOW TO BECOME A GYMNAST.

Containing full instructions for all kinds of gymnastic sports and athletic exercises. Embracing thirty-five illustrations. By Professor W. Macdonald. A handy and useful book. Price 10 cents.

No. 26.

HOW TO ROW, SAIL AND BUILD A BOAT.

Fully illustrated. Every boy should know how to row and sail a boat. Full instructions are given in this little book, together with instructions on swimming and riding, companion sports to boating. Price 10 cents.

No. 27.

HOW TO RECITE AND BOOK OF RECITATIONS.

Containing the most popular selections in use, comprising Dutch dialect, French dialect, Yankee and Irish dialect pieces, together with many standard readings. Price 10 cents.

No. 28.

HOW TO TELL FORTUNES.

Every one is desirous of knowing what his future life will bring forth, whether happiness or misery, wealth or poverty. You can tell by a glance at this little book. Buy one and be convinced. Tell your own fortune. Tell the fortunes of your friends. Price 10 cents.

No. 29.

HOW TO BECOME AN INVENTOR.

Every boy should know how inventions originate. This book explains them all, giving examples in electricity, hydraulics, magnetism, optics, pneumatics, mechanics, etc., etc. The most instructive book published. Price 10 cents.

No. 30.

HOW TO COOK.

One of the most instructive books on cooking ever published. It contains recipes for cooking meats, fish, game, and oysters; also pies, puddings, cakes and all kinds of pastry, and a grand collection of recipes by one of our most popular cooks. Only 10 cents per copy.

No. 31.

HOW TO BECOME A SPEAKER.

Containing fourteen illustrations, giving the different positions requisite to become a good speaker, reader and elocutionist. Also containing gems from all the popular authors of prose and poetry, arranged in the most simple and concise manner possible. Price 10 cents.

No. 32.

HOW TO RIDE A BICYCLE.

Handsomely illustrated, and containing full directions for mounting, riding and managing a bicycle, fully explained with practical illustrations; also directions for picking out a machine. Price 10 cents.

No. 33.

HOW TO BEHAVE.

Containing the rules and etiquette of good society and the easiest and most approved methods of appearing to good advantage at parties, balls, the theater, church, and in the drawing room. Price 10 cents.

No. 34.

HOW TO FENCE.

Containing full instruction for fencing and the use of the broadsword; also instruction in archery. Described with twenty-one practical illustrations, giving the best positions in fencing. A complete book. Price 10 cents.

No. 35.

HOW TO PLAY GAMES.

A complete and useful little book, containing the rules and regulations of billiards, bagatelle, backgammon, croquet, dominoes, etc. Price 10 cents.

No. 36.

HOW TO SOLVE CONUNDRUMS.

Containing all the leading conundrums of the day, amusing riddles, curious catches and witty sayings. Price 10 cents.

No. 37.

HOW TO KEEP HOUSE.

It contains information for everybody, boys, girls, men and women; it will teach you how to make almost anything around the house, such as parlor ornaments, brackets, cements, zolian harps, and bird lime for catching birds. Price 10 cents.

No. 38.

HOW TO BECOME YOUR OWN DOCTOR.

A wonderful book, containing useful and practical information in the treatment of ordinary diseases and ailments common to every family. Abounding in useful and effective recipes for general complaints. Price 10 cents.

No. 39.

How to Raise Dogs, Poultry, Pigeons and Rabbits.

A useful and instructive book. Handsomely illustrated. By Ira Drowaw. Price 10 cents.

No. 40.

HOW TO MAKE AND SET TRAPS.

Including hints on how to catch Moles, Weasels, Otter, Rats, Squirrels and Birds. Also how to cure Skins. Copiously illustrated. By J. Harrington Keene. Price 10 cents.

No. 41.

The Boys of New York End Men's Joke Book.

Containing a great variety of the latest jokes used by the most famous end men. No amateur minstrel is complete without this wonderful little book. Price 10 cents.

No. 42.

The Boys of New York Stump Speaker.

Containing a varied assortment of Stump Speeches, Negro, Dutch and Irish. Also End Men's Jokes. Just the thing for home amusement and amateur shows. Price 10 cents.

For sale by all newsdealers, or sent, post-paid, upon receipt of price. Address

Box 2730.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 34 & 36 North Moore Street, New York.

Latest Issues of THE 5 CENT WIDE AWAKE LIBRARY

- 1130 The Actor's Son. A Story of Trials and Triumphs On and Off the Stage..... by Gus Williams
- 1131 The Ocean Wolf. A Story of Privateering in 1812..... by George G. Small
- 1132 The Witch's Secret; or, The Hidden Crime..... by T. W. Hanshew
- 1133 Bound Boy Ben; or, Sold Into Slavery..... by C. Little
- 1134 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Electric Ice Boat; or, Lost in the Land of Crimson Snow. Part I..... by "Noname"
- 1135 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Electric Ice Boat; or, Lost in the Land of Crimson Snow. Part II..... by "Noname"
- 1136 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Electric Cyclone; or, Thrilling Adventures in No Man's Land. Part I..... by "Noname"
- 1137 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Electric Cyclone; or, Thrilling Adventures in No Man's Land. Part II..... by "Noname"
- 1138 Green Mountain Joe, the Old Trapper of Malbro Pond..... by Lieut. E. H. Kellogg
- 1139 Red Light Dick, the Engineer Prince..... by Albert J. Booth
- 1140 Adrift in the Tree-Tops..... by Allyn Draper
- 1141 Lost in Labrador; or, The Search for the Frozen Pirate..... by C. Little
- 1142 The Mysterious Man of the Mountain. A Story of the Hudson River. by P. T. Raymond
- 1143 In the Sea of Ice..... by Albert J. Booth
- 1144 The Young Deserters; or, The Mystery of Ramsey's Island..... by Berton Bertrew
- 1145 "Special" Bob; or, The Pride of the Road..... by Albert J. Booth
- 1146 Adrift in a Haunted Lake; or, The Mystery of a Lost War Ship.. by Roger Starbuck
- 1147 The Arkansas Scout..... by Paul Braddon
- 1148 The Wolf Boys of Michigan..... by Jas. D. Montague
- 1149 The Boy Nihilist; or, Young America in Russia.. by Captain Geo. Granville, (U. S. A.)
- 1150 Daniel Boone's Best Shot; or, The Perils of the Kentucky Pioneers.. by John Sherman
- 1151 The Parson's Boy; or, The Innocent One of the Family—comic..... by Tom Teaser
- 1152 The Game Cock of Deadwood. A Story of the Wild Northwest..... by Geo. G. Small
- 1153 Randy Rollins, the Young Fireman. A Story of Heroic Deeds..... by Robert Lennox
- 1154 Little Buffalo Bill; or, The Boy Scout of the Rio Del Norte... by Lieut. E. H. Kellogg
- 1155 The Lost Island. A Romance of a Forgotten World..... by C. Little
- 1156 The Silent Band..... by "Noname"
- 1157 Kit Carson's Little Scout; or, The Renegade's Doom..... by Gaston Garne
- 1158 Hook and Ladder Jack, the Daring Young Fireman..... by Robert Lennox
- 1159 The Men in Green..... by "Noname"
- 1160 Yellowstone Kelly..... by Robert Maynard
- 1161 Captain Jack Tempest, the Prince of the Sea..... by J. G. Bradley
- 1162 A Poor Boy's Fight; or, The Hero of the School..... by George G. Small
- 1163 Boarding School Scrapes; or, The Rackets of a Young Ventriloquist. Part I.—comic..... by Tom Teaser
- 1164 Boarding School Scrapes; or, The Rackets of a Young Ventriloquist. Part II.—comic..... by Tom Teaser
- 1165 Lost on a Yacht; or, The Adventures of Four American Boys..... by R. T. Emmet
- 1166 Rob Rudder, the Boy Pilot of the Mississippi..... by P. T. Raymond
- 1167 On a Sinking Island..... by Kit Clyde
- 1168 Muldoon's Flats—comic..... by Tom Teaser
- 1169 The Hut in the Swamp; or, The Mystery of Hal Percy's Fate..... by R. T. Emmet
- 1170 Nick and Jed, the King Trappers of the Border..... by P. T. Raymond
- 1171 Clear the Track Tom; or, The Youngest Engineer on the Road..... by Albert J. Booth
- 1172 The Demon of the Deep; or, Above and Beneath the Sea..... by Howard De Vere
- 1173 Larry the Life Saver; or, A Born Fireman by Robert Lennox
- 1174 The Island of Mystery; or, Adventures Under the Sea..... by Howard De Vere
- 1175 Goldburn, the Girl Guerrilla..... by Morris Redwing
- 1176 Dick Mizzen; or, The Cruise of the "Corsair"..... by Richard R. Montgomery
- 1177 Yankee Bob, the Young Scout of the Rappahannock..... by Ralph Morton
- 1178 The Potomac Detective..... by Ralph Morton
- 1179 Union Dick in the Rebel Camp..... by Philip Murdock
- 1180 Cavalry Jack at Murfreesboro..... by Col. Ralph Fenton
- 1181 Cavalry Jack in the Swamps..... by Col. Ralph Fenton
- 1182 Sea-Dog Charlie; or, The Adventures of a Boy Hero..... by W. I. James, Jr
- 1183 The Shortys on the Road; or, In the Old Business Just for Fun—comic.. by Peter Pad
- 1184 The Haunted Cave..... by Jas. D. Montague
- 1185 Infantry Dave, the Young Scout of the Wilderness..... by Ralph Morton
- 1186 Daniel Boone, the Hero of Kentucky..... by Paul Braddon
- 1187 Three Yankee Chums; or, Dr. Dodd's Exploring Expedition.. by Commodore Ah-Look
- 1188 Burt, the Detective; or, A Sleuth-Hound on the Track..... by Police Captain Howard
- 1189 The Mysterious Messenger; or, The Secret of the Three Black Stars... by Hart Barnard
- 1190 The Gallant Middy; or, Captured by Pirates..... by Richard R. Montgomery
- 1191 Meta, the Girl Crusoe; or, The Secret of the Sea..... by Gus Williams
- 1192 Under the Gallows..... by a U. S. Detective
- 1193 The Gold Hunters of Mexico; or, The Prairie Phantom..... by H. C. Emmet
- 1194 Drifting Harry; or, Hoeing His Own Row by J. G. Bradley
- 1195 A Trip to the Center of the Earth..... by Howard De Vere
- 1196 Custer's Last Shot; or, The Boy Trailer of the Little Horn..... by Col. J. M. Travers
- 1197 Shady Dell School; or, Haps and Mishaps of Schoolboy Life..... by Capt. Will Dayton
- 1198 Dick Wright and His Band of Cannibals by J. R. Scott
- 1199 Sawdust Charlie, the Pet of the Ring..... by An Old Ringmaster
- 1200 The Blasted Pine; or, Three Boy Scouts... by Capt. Will Dayton
- 1201 The Boy Trapezist.. by a Former Professional
- 1202 Little Nugget, the Pride of Leadville.... by Major J. Anderson
- 1203 The Young Aeronaut..... by Prof. Wise
- 1204 Denver Dan and His Mystic Band.. by C. Little
- 1205 Denver Dan and the Road Agents.. by C. Little
- 1206 Denver Dan and the Counterfeiters..... by C. Little
- 1207 Denver Dan Outwitted; or, The Outlaw's Triumph..... by C. Little
- 1208 Denver Dan the Sheriff..... by C. Little
- 1209 Denver Dan to the Rescue; or, The Mountaineer's Stratagem..... by C. Little
- 1210 Denver Dan and His Chums..... by C. Little
- 1211 Denver Dan in New York..... by C. Little
- 1212 The Twin Boy Scouts..... by Percy B. St. John
- 1213 Prairie Phil; or, The Panther of the Platte by Harry Rockwood
- 1214 Trapper Duke; or, The Female Avenger.. by Jas. D. Montague
- 1215 Black and Blue; or, Nick Wharton on the Warpath..... by Harry Rockwood
- 1216 Little Hal, the Boy Engineer..... by Captain Will Dayton
- 1217 The Pirate's Son..... by J. T. Brougham
- 1218 The Search for the "Midas"; or, Treasures from the Deep..... by Gerald Fleming
- 1219 Gorilla George; or, A New York Boy in Africa..... by J. L. Freeman
- 1220 Special Express Ned, the Prince of Boy Engineers..... by Horace Appleton
- 1221 North Woods Tom, the Athlete Hunter... by Kit Clyde
- 1222 Lighthouse Lem; or, The Mystery of Deadman's Reef..... by an Old Sea Captain
- 1223 Joe Jordan, the Young Inventor..... by H. K. Shackleford
- 1224 Lasso Luke; or, The Three Prairie Pards.. by Kit Clyde
- 1225 Jack Harkaway's Schooldays.
- 1226 Jack Harkaway Afloat.
- 1227 Jack Harkaway Among the Savages.
- 1228 Jack Harkaway's Escape.
- 1229 Jack Harkaway at Oxford.
- 1230 Jack Harkaway and the Black Band.
- 1231 Jack Harkaway and the Brigands.
- 1232 Jack Harkaway and the Spy.
- 1233 Jack Harkaway Trapped.
- 1234 Jack Harkaway and the Italians; or, The Brigand's Doom.
- 1235 Jack Harkaway and His Son's Adventures Round the World.
- 1236 Jack Harkaway and His Son Homeward Bound.
- 1237 Young Harkaway and the Pirates.
- 1238 Jack Harkaway's Triumph.
- 1239 Jack Harkaway on Magic Island.
- 1240 Jack Harkaway's Peril.
- 1241 Jack Harkaway to the Rescue.
- 1242 Jack Harkaway, the Magician.
- 1243 Jack Harkaway, the Avenger.
- 1244 Jack Harkaway in Australia.
- 1245 Jack Harkaway and the Convicts.
- 1246 Jack Harkaway and the Bushrangers.
- 1247 Young Jack Harkaway and His Boy Tinker.
- 1248 Tinker's Man, Bogey.
- 1249 Young Jack Harkaway in Spain.
- 1250 Young Jack Harkaway in Turkey.
- 1251 Mole Among the Mussulmans.
- 1252 Young Jack Harkaway and the Arabs.
- 1253 Young Jack Harkaway and the Counterfeiters
- 1254 Dick Lightheart..... by Bracebridge Heming
- 1255 Dick Lightheart's Trials..... by Bracebridge Heming
- 1256 Dick Lightheart's Triumph..... by Bracebridge Heming
- 1257 Dick Lightheart at Sea..... by Bracebridge Heming
- 1258 Dick Lightheart Around the World..... by Bracebridge Heming
- 1259 Dick Lightheart in London..... by Bracebridge Heming
- 1260 Dick Lightheart's Victory..... by Bracebridge Heming
- 1261 Joe Dodger, the Boy Ventriloquist..... by Gus Williams
- 1262 Little Mac, the Boy Engineer.. by Ralph R.
- 1263 The Marked Moccasin; or, Pandey Ellis' Pard..... by Marline Manley
- 1264 Tom Brown's Schooldays.. by Thomas Hughes
- 1265 Young Jack Harkaway Fighting the Moors..... by Bracebridge Heming
- 1266 Ferret, the Little Detective; or, The Man of Many Faces.... by Police Captain Howard
- 1267 Chased Around the World; or, The Detective's Mistake..... by a N. Y. Detective
- 1268 Master of Himself; or, A Boy's Fight in the World..... by Commodore Ah-Look
- 1269 Young Jack Harkaway and the Idols of Gold..... by Bracebridge Heming
- 1270 The Rival Scouts..... by J. R. Scott
- 1271 On Deck; or, The Boy Pilot of Lake Erie... by Howard De Vere
- 1272 Secrets Under the Sea..... by Kit Clyde
- 1273 Young Jack Harkaway and the Mutineers..... by Bracebridge Heming
- 1274 The Young Revenue Detective; or, Among the Moonshiners..... by a Retired Detective
- 1275 Long-Paw, the Mysterious Hunter..... by Kit Clyde
- 1276 The Young Engineer; or, Fighting Against Odds..... by Howard Devere
- 1277 Young Jack Harkaway and the Miners of Cripple Creek..... by Bracebridge Heming
- 1278 The Sea Fiends; or, Under the Ocean..... by Howard Devere
- 1279 Zola, the Old Trapper's Daughter..... by R. T. Emmet
- 1280 Fred Hazle; or, Adrift on a Floating Island..... by H. C. Emmet
- 1281 Young Jack Harkaway and the Pearl Divers of Ceylon... by Bracebridge Heming
- 1282 Stuttering Mose; or, The Old Scout of the Revolution..... by Gen. J. L. Johnston
- 1283 Captain Hurricane; or, The Wail of the Wreck..... by Allan Arnold
- 1284 The Young Explorers. The Adventures of Two Boys in Guatemala..... by Capt. Will Dayton
- 1285 Young Jack Harkaway in the Land of Tigers..... by Bracebridge Heming
- 1286 Denver Dan, Jr., and His Band of Dead-Shots..... by "Noname"
- 1287 The Cruise of the "Beauty"..... by Capt. Will Dayton
- 1288 The Mad Man of the North Pole; or, The Boy Mazeppa of the Arctic Seas..... by Kit Clyde
- 1289 Young Jack Harkaway and the Thugs of India..... by Bracebridge Heming
- 1290 Smokestack Bob, the Hero of the Rail.... by J. R. Scott
- 1291 Ned Owen; or, The Mystery of a Missing Ship..... by Capt. Will Dayton
- 1292 Denver Dan, Jr., and the Renegade..... by "Noname"
- 1293 The Mad Hunter; or, The Mystery of the Beaver Dam..... by Capt. Will Dayton
- 1294 Young Jack Harkaway and the Boers of the Transvaal..... by Bracebridge Heming
- 1295 Sumter's Aide. A Story of the American Revolution.. by Capt. Geo. Granville, U.S.A.
- 1296 Washed Ashore; or, Adventures in a Strange Land..... by Harry Rockwood
- 1297 Death Gulch; or, "Evil Eye," Chief of the Comanches..... by Alex. Armstrong
- 1298 Young Jack Harkaway in Cuba..... by Bracebridge Heming
- 1299 Bluejacket, the Boy Scout of the Wilderness..... by Morris Redwing
- 1300 Old Fox; or, The Mystery of the Trunk... by a New York Detective
- 1301 The Lost Island; or, The Cruise of the Caroline..... by Col. J. M. Travers
- 1302 Young Jack Harkaway Among the Cuban Insurgents..... by Bracebridge Heming
- 1303 Huron Harry, The Pirate Hunter; or, The Haunted Skiff..... by Jas. D. Montague
- 1304 Fireman Dick; or, The Pride of Number 9..... by Jas. D. Montague
- 1305 Buffalo Bill's Chum... by Capt. Ralph Fenton
- 1306 Young Jack Harkaway Fighting the Slave Traders of the Sudan..... by Bracebridge Heming
- 1307 Young Lynx, the Amateur Detective..... by Richard R. Montgomery
- 1308 From Drummer Boy to General. A Tale of the Mexican War..... by Richard R. Montgomery
- 1309 Silvershot, the Sport From Sacramento... by Kit Clyde
- 1310 Young Jack Harkaway and the Dervishes of the Nile..... by Bracebridge Heming
- 1311 Red River Bill, the Prince of Scouts..... by J. R. Scott
- 1312 The "Sea Wave's" Last Cruise; or, The Pirates' Cave..... by Kit Clyde
- 1313 Sam Sharpe at School.. by Capt. Will Dayton
- 1314 Young Jack Harkaway in Armenia; or, A Fight with the Turks..... by Bracebridge Heming
- 1315 The Coral Cave; or, Paul Philip's Cruise.. by Horace Appleton
- 1316 Hugo, the Texan; or, the Demons of the Alamo..... by J. R. Scott
- 1317 Matt Merry; or, the Life of the School... by Capt. Will Dayton

For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, post-paid, on receipt of price, 5 cents. Address

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.